10/6.

STANZAS

TO

WOGDON.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

STANZAS

TO

WOODSON

STANZAS

ON

DUELLING:

INSCRIBED TO

WOGDON,

THE CELEBRATED

PISTOL-MAKER.

BY AN IRISH VOLUNTEER.

LONDON:

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STANZAS, &c.

HAIL WOGDON! Patron of that leaden death
Which waits alike the bully and the brave;
As well might art recal departed breath,
As any artifice your victims ſave.

How many years are ſhorten'd from the date
Of others' lives, whilſt your's is lengthen'd out!
Better at once to ſacrifice to fate,
Than wait your ſentence with a ling'ring doubt.

Whilſt you ſurvive there's no man's life his own ;
Exiſtence hangs upon a ſingle hair ;
The trigger ſet, the fatal toſs is thrown,
And all our comfort is in dying fair.

No ſaw-pit requiſite to hit the mark ;
No MORRIS needs twelve paces turn to eight.
Your piſtols ſee, though human eyes are dark,
And of themſelves can take direction ſtreight.

Elſe how could ALLEN (with one eye quite gone,
The other ſeeing as through darken'd miſt)
DELANY's tender widow cauſe to moan,
While POTT, ADAIR, ST. CLAIR in vain aſſiſt ?

The perjur'd maid of Bennet-ſtreet might ſpare
Her ready witneſſing of practis'd ſhots ;
YOUNG JEFFREYS ſaw too open laid the ſnare,
And from his notes the proof reluctant blots.

Yet Newgate cells receives th' impriſon'd Prieſt,
And BULLER triumphs with a half ſucceſs.
Had WOGDON bungled in his art, at leaſt
The Judge and Prieſt had both ſucceeded leſs.

Our Sov'reign, no leſs merciful than wiſe,
Sees 'tis no fault of combatants to kill.
Uſe WOGDON's piſtols they may ſhut their eyes;
His ball in miſchief beats th' empirick's pill.

Hence ALLEN gets a ſpeedier releaſe:
He ſallies forth to vindicate his fame;
No duelliſt, but meſſenger of peace,
He lays on WOGDON, as he ought, the blame.

Had merit giv'n a title for diſcharge,
Had poetry been honour'd at this day,
He long [redacted] ago had found himſelf at large,
And GEORGE been prais'd with his eternal lay.

But

But ſee DELANY's bloody ghoſt appear;
Penſion and huſband both conſign'd to fate;
Shall not the widow's ſhrieks appall your ear?
Or will you boaſt a ſervice to the ſtate?

A hoſt of Refugees forbid the claim;
Another HUDDY muſt their rage appeaſe.
Acroſs th' Atlantic, their revenge the ſame,
A Britiſh ſacrifice alone can eaſe.

Then may the fair Virginian find relief,
And wipe thoſe tears that dew her lovely cheek;
A younger huſband ſtop her farther grief,
And more than mere Platonic comfort ſpeak.

The Congreſs liſt'ning to the pleading dame,
Admit diſtinction in a widow's caſe:
The judge eſtabliſhes by law her claim,
And dow'r does more than penſion's loſs replace.

Not ſo, the widow who from Darby's plains
Is forc'd to fly to London out of breath;
Of the raſh Curate's zeal ſhe ſtill complains,
Nor finds relief in her traducer's death.

When coward ADAM, hir'd to fight by NORTH,
Stept forth the cauſe of Scotchmen to maintain;
And gallant Fox, aſſerting England's worth,
Aim'd at the penſion'd bravo's heart in vain;

If of thy weapons he had made eſſay,
If thine had been his ill-directed ball,
Then England's champion might have won the day,
And made the champion of corruption fall.

Had STEWART known thy art, poor LYNCH's fate
Had long been expiated by THURLOW's fall;
Nor he by puffs eſcap'd the public hate,
Deſerv'd thy him if e'er deſerv'd at all.

When MARTIN practis'd 'gainſt the patriot's life,
And gain'd the name of TARGET by his pains,
BUTE ſaw with pleaſure the promoted ſtrife;
But WOGDON was unknown, and WILKES remains.

Kind heav'n did once receive my pious vows
For ſaving SHELBURNE from the angry clerk.
But man's imperfect wiſdom little knows
The ways of Providence, ſo deep and dark.

Why did this great apoſtate then eſcape
The nice hair-trigger and the feather-ſpring?
Tow'r-hill and Tyburn ſhould have cried out "Rape!"
He doubly merits both the axe and ſtring.

Still therefore, WOGDON! on thy art rely;
This ſingle failure need not give thee pain.
Liars on beds of honor muſt not die;
The blood of Traitors ſhould the ſcaffold ſtain.

Proud of your aid FITZ-GERALD dar'd the town,
And kept the Maccaronies all in awe.
Himſelf the greateſt puppy that was known,
He gave to puppyiſm its utmoſt law.

Had he ne'er truſted to a larger bore,
Had you been ſtill his whole ſecurity,
No cannon fixt before the manſion door,
His father had been dead, himſelf been free.

So may the fam'd Toledo's ſteel be vain,
Though forg'd in falchions of tremendous weight,
Or BRERETON ſtill Bath's terror might remain,
Nor meet a haſty but deſerved fate.

Lord BELLAMONT of honor much too nice,
'Till TOWNSHEND is unking'd, reſentment keeps;
The lengthen'd grudge is ſettled in a trice,
And now what Dublin foſter'd London weeps.

Stoney's fam'd duel, mock'd by bloodleſs wounds,
The ſilly ear of Strathmore may deceive;
More to his fame than Wogdon's it reſounds;
This then to other panegyriſts leave.

But when the prieſtling juſtifies his lies,
And boldly dares the Frenchman out to fight,
Scandal itſelf muſt here a witneſs riſe,
And own him brave though never in the right.

Periſh ſuch lives as theſe nor drop a tear;
Such loſſes weigh not in our ſcale of woe.
No widows weep upon the paſſing bier,
No child laments a fire 'twere ſhame to know.

But when the fair bewails a Chaworth dead,
Not the leſs lov'd for want of marriage ties,
Who can refuſe a mingled tear to ſhed,
While tears are flowing from the fair one's eyes?

This death we lay not, WOGDON, to thy blame;
CULLUM muſt have his fame as well as you.
But you had never gain'd ſo great a name,
In England had your piſtols kill'd as few.

Some room is left to ſhew the fencer's art;
Honour more often than revenge is ſought;
The piſtol aims directly at the heart;
No pow'r of ſaving when the battle's fought.

We uſe the pious Liturgy in vain,
For WOGDON's ſudden deaths are ever nigh;
No one can tell how ſhort he ſhall remain,
If honour calls and WOGDON bids him die.

Then muſt the lover quit the fond embrace;
Parents no more their tender offspring meet;
The bridegroom from his love muſt turn his face,
And change the marriage for the winding-ſheet.

From theſe dread pictures turn the painful thought!
Or if of wounds and deaths we're forc'd to ſpeak,
Let footpads meet the leaden death they ought,
And ſpare the gallows ere by weight they break.

Duels ſo many have been ſav'd by fear
Of Wogdon's art, in this pacific town,
On the fam'd artiſan, almoſt I ſwear,
I'm tempted to beſtow a civic crown.

Some ludicrous adventures have arriv'd,
And ſome moſt ſolid good has been obtain'd,
Some maidens righted, ſome poor wives reviv'd,
Nor have their guardians been with bloodſhed ſtain'd.

By you Mac-Carthy ſnuffs the candle's flame,
Whilſt at his eaſe he ſits in elbow-chair;
Or as he's hurl'd in phaetonic frame
Sion ſhall more than hear the whizzing air.

The Fair, betray'd by wretches ſuch as LADE,
Their claims thro' him and WOGDON make but known;
The ſprightly COXE no other lawyers had,
The notes are paid without a law-ſuit down.

Such milder praiſe be, WOGDON, ſtill your aim!
Then ſhall no jury ſit upon your life.
MAC-CARTHY ſhall enſure you deathleſs fame;
The champion thank'd by miſtreſs and by wife.

THE END.

The Fair, betray'd by wretches such as Lane,
Their claims thro' Him and Woodon make but known;
The frighted Cows no other lawyers had,
The mares are paid without a law-suit down.

Such milder praise be, Woodon, still your aim!
Then shall no fury fix upon your life.
Mac Carthy shall endure your deathless fame;
The champion thank'd by millers and by wife.

THE END